

it'll be alright by Val-Creative

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Summary: Ben falls in love, endlessly like a wave, over and over.
(Post-IT 2019. Benverly. Beverly Marsh/Ben Hanscom.)

it'll be alright

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It took Beverly longer than necessary to realize Tom's abuse would threaten her life.

He was nothing more than her father's shadow. She admits this to Ben, holding onto his arm as Beverly treads the outer, railed boundary of Ben's penthouse. She's always been like this—unafraid, strong-willed and nimble. Compassionate to others. Wishing she could to fix their problems.

Up high on the rooftop, it smells like asphalt and rain.

Beverly's red hair glows against the citylights, illuminating her.

Ben falls in love, endlessly like a wave, over and over, gently helping Beverly step down in her designer, suede-lined high heels.

She urges him inside, peeling off Ben's coat in the private stairwell, lowering his hands to her skirt. Beverly's ruby-red lipstick smudging off, leaving traces on her chin and jaw, on Ben's mouth, on his throat and hands and wrists. The first time—*oh*, Ben swallows down tears, embarrassed and moonstruck, kissing over Beverly's eyelids, feeling her cheeks tighten from smiling.

It's everything he dreamed about. She's *everything*—laughter, light, love. Life.

Ben never wants to leave this mattress, clutching on, inhaling Beverly's perfume. She murmurs out Ben's name, above him, taking her time. Her naked breasts, soft and full, drop flush against his muscular chest. An echo of a giggle.

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Beverly spends her nights with him, flying in and out of Chicago to talk to the lawyers and to move out her personal belongings.

He's just grateful that Beverly wants to see him at all. That she trusts him.

There's bad nights, of course. She'll drink too much tequila, passing out on a rug. Flinch whenever Ben touches her and she apologizes for it when it's *not* Beverly's fault. Erupts into tears without reason. Cuddles with all of the pillows Ben can spare for her, respectfully giving her distance as she broods over the decisions of her ex-marriage. Nurses Tom's welts and freshly darkening bruises when she has to see him.

Eventually, Ben convinces her to live on the yacht for a little while.

The sea, fortunately, seems to calm Beverly, lulling her with the continuous, subdued rocking. No more nightmares about Tom. No court dates, or returning to the Chicago studio-apartment. After the scandal of domestic abuse, Tom's coworkers and friends abandon him. They don't get in contact with Beverly. It's probably for the better. Beverly runs her fashion business how she wants it, relocating in New York City and developing a project of her own making.

Across the water, the skies darken their blues into twilight-purples and golds. He stretches out his legs, watching Beverly curl up in her fleecy, thin pajama-shorts and bikini. Ben offers a knitted shawl, kissing the top of Beverly's head lightly before sitting.

"All I want... all I *care* about is that you feel safe here," Ben tells her. She sniffles, nodding quietly. "With me. Always."

Her green eyes moisten. "I love you," Beverly whispers, heartfelt, thumbing over Ben's cheek.

"I love you too. So much." Ben's arms embrace her, clasping loosely, and he feels her return it without a second's hesitation. Beverly's face nestles into Ben's white tee. He misses her eyelashes on his bare, sensitive skin, like a butterfly's wing. "So much, Bev..." Ben murmurs, nestling his mouth into red locks, massaging the length of her shoulder and back.

Their dog boofs at Beverly's feet, wagging his tail and pawing her. "Joey, wait your turn," she states, hiccup-laughing.

"Hey, I have something for you."

"That's funny. I was just gonna say the same thing."

"For me?" Ben asks, looking politely bewildered as she presents out an expensive-looking bracelet. No idea where Beverly was hiding it. In the fading, shimmery light of New York's sunset, the gilded hue almost matches Beverly's hair.

MY HEART BURNS THERE TOO.

Ben's fingers map over the letter-engravings. "Wow," he breathes, overwhelmed. "On the anniversary?"

"Yep," Beverly says proudly, hooking her hands over her knees, drawing them in. Nearly thirty years since they met at the end of their school year, with Ben's class-project tumbling haphazardly onto the grass, and Beverly impulsively signing his yearbook.

She wanted to. She felt bad, sure, but not obligated to display any sign of friendship to Ben. She wanted to be kind to him.

Ben never forgot.

"Great minds think alike, I guess."

He pulls a delicate, gilded locket from his jeans, showing her an identical verse of Ben's poem: **MY HEART BURNS THERE TOO.**

Beverly's lips flatten, perking up. "There's one more thing," she informs him, climbing onto her feet and wrapping the shawl quickly around her. Joey whines until Beverly scratches his ears, humming a song Ben vaguely knows as she goes below-deck.

"Oh no..." Ben groans, smiling and feigning protest.

"You don't even know what is yet!" she hollers, Beverly's head popping back up. Her own lovely smile dimples.

"I know that look on your face, Beverly Marsh. You're loving this."

A box, striped green and ribboned, passes to him. Ben nudges away Joey sniffing curiously, waiting for Beverly to restrain him. "What'cha gonna do about it?" she says merrily, with a hint of cryptic nature. The wink doesn't help.

Ben narrows his eyes, still smiling. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll see."

"Okay..." He starts to open the box's lid, then pauses. "Okay, but, now I'm scared to open it," Ben admits, chuckling.

"Ben!"

"Alright, *alright*..."

It's worth the trouble to see Ben's face go utterly shocked.

"No," he says so murmurous that she strains to hear him. "No... *no way*..."

Beverly's features soften.

"Yeah..."

"Really?" Ben chokes out a delighted noise when it finally registers. He pulls out with a flourish two stage-floor tickets for the New Kids on the Block reunion tour and VIP backstage passes. "Do you know how hard it is to get these?" Ben asks, his voice heightening in pure excitement. "I used my connections. My *connections*, Bev. I still got jacksquat for it."

"Sorry, New Kid." Beverly shrugs, releasing Joey to lick Ben's fingers playfully. "Looks like I have *better* ones."

Ben laughs, amazed, knocking his forehead to his wrist.

"What? Did you think it was gonna be a positive pregnancy test or something?"

He jerks upright, nearly losing his grip on the tickets, Ben's mouth rounds out. She's never seen the color drain from him faster.

"YOU'RE PREGNANT?"

"Nooo!" Beverly laughs out, trembling. She loops an arm to Ben's middle, kissing him until he recovers. "Oh my god, *BEN*—!"

Fuck.

Ben would love that—if he's being truthful. Someday. Not now.

Tickets are good though.

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IT (2019) isn't mine. Requested by glove23 (FFN): "ben and beverly celebrate their anniversary with the same idea." I'M SO SOFT FOR BENVERLY, YOU GUYS. YOU GAYS. BEN LOVES HER SO MUCH. I COULD CRY. If you love Benverly too please tell me! We need to celebrate GETTING CANON BENVERLY IN IT 2019.

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